

cession attended the remains to the Marlinton Cometary, the Pall Bearers being selected from George's young friends and schoolmates. The floral tributes were varied, exquisitely arranged, and too numerous for special mention. Of the hundreds who were present at the burial, none will ever forget the thrilling scene, of that sunset hour, and its tearful associations. Instead of sinking fast, the "latest sun" seemed to pause, and with beams of golden splendor, to point out silently but eloquently the way the ministerial angels on their snowy wings, had borne the redeemed soul of our much loved young friend. So may it be with us all, That when life's toilsome day is o'er

May its departing ray,

Be calm as that

### In Memoriam.

Lines written to the memory of  
young George L. McClintic who  
was mortally hurt by a favorite  
horse, and soon after died on  
June fifth 1906, aged twelve  
years and five months.

Only a boy, and a fair young boy,  
With promise of life in view;  
So active of limb, so bright within,  
So pleasant of face and true.

He moved about among us here,  
We met him from day to day;  
He sat with the children at the  
school,

And joined with them in play.  
The sun shone on the paths of his  
years.

school,

And joined with them in play.

The sun shone on the paths of his  
years.

With never a cloud between;

But storms can blacken the bluest  
skies,

Then, Alas! how charged the  
scene.

A mortal hurt on a summer day,

And the gloom of darkness fell;  
Uneven conflict with Death to win  
And sadness Ah! who can tell?

But that youthful spirit rose up  
high,

And words of sweet comfort cast,  
Such words as are treasured  
sacredly,

As long as this life shall last.

His simple religion, to be "good,"

What more can the wisest teach?

"I've prayed, Mamma" and we

What more can the wisest teach:  
"I've prayed, Mamma," and we  
surely know,

That prayer did Heaven reach.

"Tell all the people they must  
be good,

"They must love the Lord and  
pray:

"And Mamma don't you cry so  
much,

"For I shall be well today."

And in the best sense the boy  
grew "well."

No more to suffer pain;  
And nought that this earth can  
bring of harm

Should trouble him again.

His broken form was gently laid  
'Neath the summer sod to rest:  
But his happy soul had burst the  
bonds,

For the holy and the blessed.

A. L. P.





Alice



Sometimes valuable are thrown  
in the waste basket - by mistake.

Once  
small  
have  
if you  
have  
near

Once when Alice had done  
something she shouldn't  
have her father said "Alice,  
if you do that again I  
have to let you know  
again."





Alice with her mother and father





Alice with Duntan  
and her mother



Lorraine



Alice  
3 yrs. old



Alice and her father









Dear Santa Claus.

I want you to bring me a big  
Teddy bear, and a ball.

and I want you to bring me  
a dolly, and a monkey

that will climb a rope  
and one or two books

and a jewelry box and a  
little knife, and a game

of marbles

Alice M. Cloutier







Alice M<sup>c</sup>Clintic



West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

# West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

# Commencement

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Tuesday, June the Seventh  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN  
TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

---

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE  
MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA



St. Mark's Cathedral  
in  
Venice



St. Mark's Cathedral  
in  
Venice

Taken when Alice went with a tour group  
to Europe.





While Alice was visiting Hunter and Fernie in Charleston  
this picture appeared in the Gazette.















Loebis.



Junior Sponsor at a Show — Francis Mc-Wee  
Alice —

Marlinton High School Faculty



Bottom Row -

Ella Fritchard - - Alice McMoore

Top Row

- - Arnold Yeager, Principal

Edith May

Francis McElwee



Alisa, Allie & Lockie





Alice and Jack



Back row - Catherine McClinton - Hunter Mc-  
 Middle row - Mary Hensh (Alice Moore, Betty Mc-  
 Bottom row - Locke Moore Wynnon



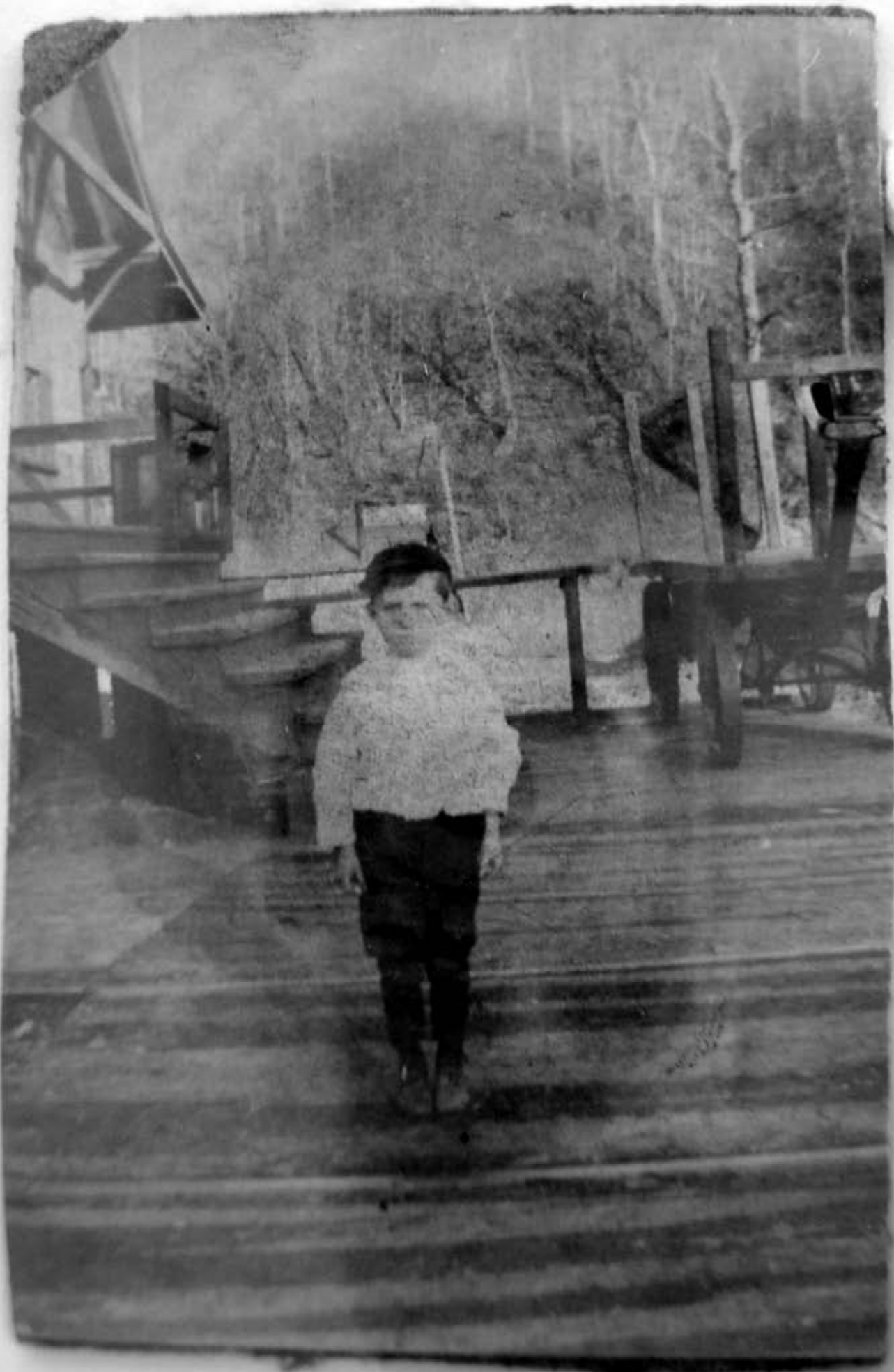
Jack Moore,  
Alice's husband















# Here's Diddy... <sup>1972</sup>

By Diddy Mathews Palmer

The conversation began with a weather discussion and ended, after a more-or-less logical progression of topics, on the subject of English teachers.

It went something like this:

"The weather forecasts printed in local newspapers baffle and fascinate me," someone said. "Like the one this morning. The Gazette reported that there would be 'rain changing to chance of snow'. If rain can change to 'chance of snow,' then what IS 'chance-of-snow'? It sounds to me as if 'chance-of-snow' is an intermediate element that falls from the sky after the rain stops and the real-McCoy snow starts..."

★ ★ ★

THIS REMINDED somebody else in the group of a book he was reading. "Speaking of weirdly-worded sentences, why do so many writers fall into the misplaced-modifier trap? This book I'm reading, written by a Charleston author, is full of misplaced modifiers. For example, the author says 'Jane spent all evening talking to people on the telephone that she hadn't seen in 30 years'. . . As I read it, the character in the novel hadn't seen the telephone in 30 years. Why had someone hidden it from her for three decades?"

. . . And this reminded another person of her father's all-time favorite fouled-up sentence—one that he had read somewhere many years ago . . . "The day that the party was to be held that night dawned auspiciously."

★ ★ ★

FROM THE subject of poorly-constructed sentences, the conversationalists jumped to words and mispronunciation. Somebody said he had recently heard a TV actor pronounce "halcyon" as "hally-con" . . . And another said that in the current TV production of "Elizabeth R", the actress Glenda Jackson consistently uses the dictionary-silenced "t" in the word "often" . . . And another said it bothered him that no one ever pronounced the word "jodhpurs" right, invariably transposing the "h" and the "p" to pronounce the word "jod-fers" instead of "jod-pers" . . . .

★ ★ ★

"THERE MUST be no good English teachers left", sighed someone in the group. "The best one I ever had was Miss Alice McClintic, in Charleston High School. I wonder what became of Miss McClintic?"

. . . And THIS part of the conversation reminded ME that I had a column to write, and that Miss Alice McClintic . . . whom I happened to know had been Mrs. Jack Moore since 1935 . . . would be a good subject for this column's "I WonderWhat-Became-Of" series.

So off went a letter to Alice, dutifully relaying the above compliment and urgently requesting further information about her activities and whereabouts.

"If you v  
as you we  
home at E  
don't you c  
High ever  
drive down  
"I was r  
she contin  
and Miss  
and they  
taught, I

ALICE  
(where s  
Lakin De  
CHS from  
to Morga  
"The  
we move  
teaching,  
teach the  
substitut  
Lockha  
thews ?  
McClinti  
wife of  
Californ  
was unc  
that a l  
twick.

AS FO  
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she wro  
rabbits,  
- inadve  
time we  
Lockhar  
active w  
Creek, v  
house fo  
Alice  
great ad  
and Mia  
Charl  
quar in



WonderWhat-Became-Of" series.

So off went a letter to Alice, dutifully relaying the compliment and urgently requesting further information about her activities and whereabouts.





★ ★ ★  
**WHERE ARE THEY NOW (3)**

**Subject: Alice McClintic Moore**

"If you write anything about me, please do not brag me up as you were doing in your letter", Alice writes from her home at Buckeye, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. "And don't you dare say I was 'the best English teacher Charleston High ever had', as you said in your letter. If you do, I'll drive down to Charleston and BITE you, so there."

"I was not so good a teacher as many others I can name", she continues. "Miss Jo Mathews, Miss Katie Belle Abney and Miss Pearle Knight all were teaching at CHS when I was and they all helped me in many ways. And every year I taught, I learned a little more about how to teach."

★ ★ ★  
**ALICE GRADUATED** from West Virginia University (where she roomed with a Charlestonian, the late Florence Lakin Deveny), taught in Marlinton for a year and then at CHS from 1928 to 1935. She married Jack Moore and moved to Morgantown.

"The year our daughter Lockhart, our only child, was born we moved to Marlinton and soon after that. I went back to teaching, at Marlinton High School," she said. I continued to teach there until June, 1966, when I retired, but continued to substitute there until last fall."

Lockhart was named for her grandfather, Lockhart Mathews McClintic, a brother of the late Judge George McClintic of Charleston. She is now Mrs. Bostwick Wyman, wife of a mathematics professor at Stanford University in California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Bostwick.

★ ★ ★  
**AS FOR** their present activities, Alice and Jack are now obviously enjoying retirement. "We are both well and busy", she wrote. "We have three dogs, we feed birds, squirrels, rabbits, trout (Swago Creek flows through our backyard) and - inadvertently - a few raccoons and possums. Most of the time we stay at home, but we have flown to California to see Lockhart since she's been there. I think of myself as a very active woman. . . I walk dogs on the mountain, swim in Knapp Creek, work a large vegetable garden and, of course, keep house for Jack."

Alice also reads the Gazette every day. She says "I am a great admirer of L. T. Anderson and I also like James Dent and Miss Mary Walton. I've only one complaint about the Charleston paper: they need a proofreader for their Crypto-

California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Boswick.



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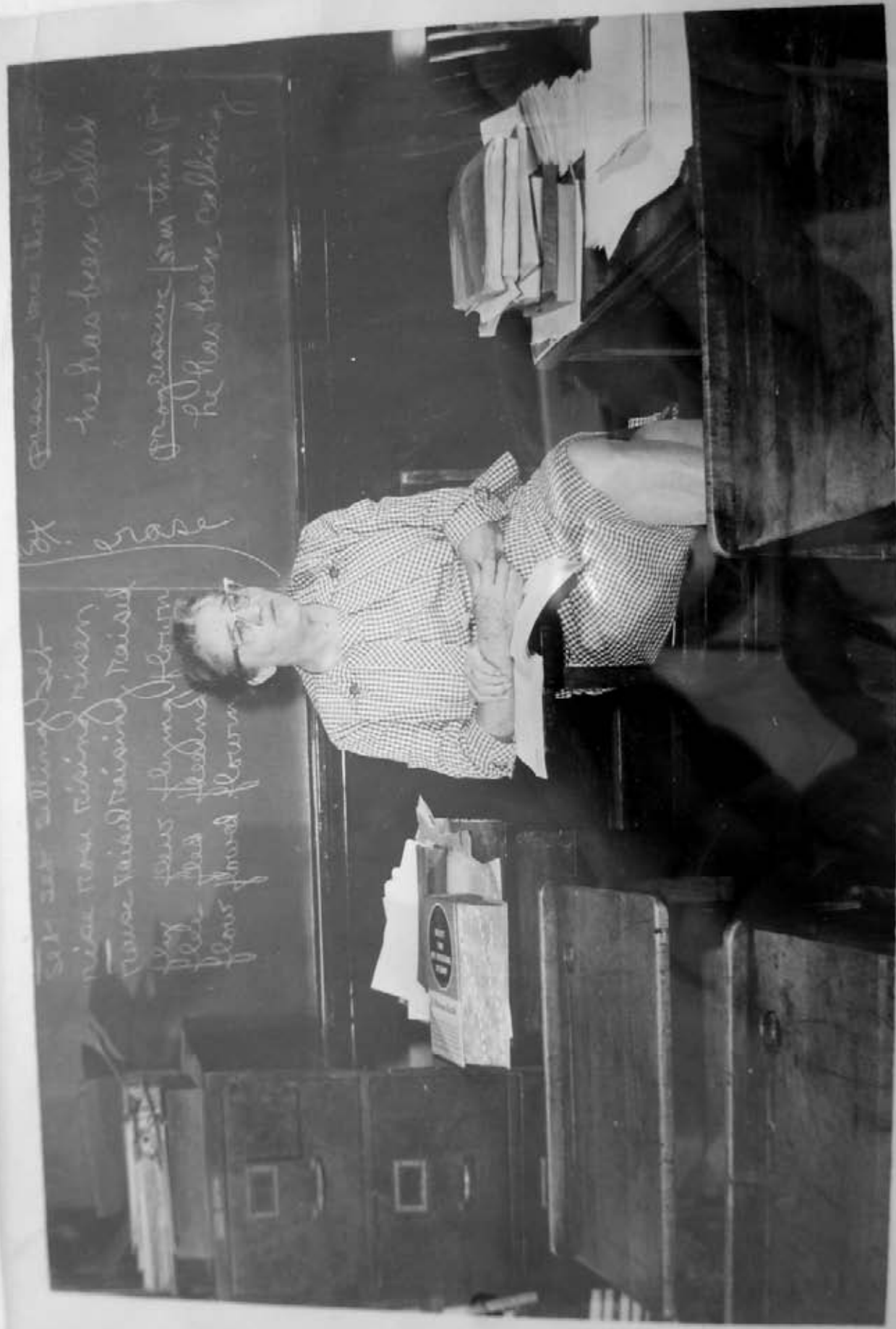
THE LAST paragraph reveals another of Mrs. Moore's hobbies. She's a puzzle-worker, and that includes the Saturday Review's Double Crostics.

So now Alice's local friends and former students know a little of what she's been up to since she chickened-out of Charleston. She says, by the way, that her CHS classes included "such widely different students as Marshall Buckalew and Dickie Drumheller."

And I hope she will notice that I have not once said that she was the best English teacher Charleston High ever had, just as she requested. This should be a load off her mind and off mine, too: I can cancel the order I had placed with the Marlington Muzzle-Maker and need have no futher fear of being bitten.

**The Charleston Gazette** \*Tuesday, March 7, 1972

Alice at school -



set set calling set  
rice rose rising risen  
raise raised raising raised  
play plays playing flown  
flee flects flecting flown  
flew flew flown flown

Progressive form that for  
he has been calling  
Progressive form that for  
he has been calling

erase

